

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeo*, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?

The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, the Cords.
Jul. Ay me, what newes?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead.

Jul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot, O *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.

Jul. What diuill art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,

Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:

If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,

All in gore blood, I founted at the sight.

Jul. O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:

O curteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Jul. What forme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is *Romeo* slauhtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:

Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalt*'s blood

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, bid with a flowring face.

Jul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?

Beautiful Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:

Rauenous Dove, feather'd Rauon,

Woluisht-rauening Lambe,

Dispers'd substance of Diuinest show:

Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,

A diuine Saint, an Honourable Villaine:

O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter

So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,

All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:

O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,

That kill'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?

But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kill'd my husband:

Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:

My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slaine,

And *Tybalt* dead that would haue slaine my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?

Some words there was worser then *Tybalt*'s death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,

Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:

That banished, that one word banished,

Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalt*'s death

Was woe inough if it had ended there:

Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes,

Why followed not when she said *Tibalt*'s dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,

Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd,

But which a rere-ward following *Tybalt*'s death

Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that words death, no words can that woe sound,

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalt*'s Coarse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent

When theirs are drie for *Romeo*'s banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,

Both you and I for *Romeo*'s exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,

And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*

To comfort you, I wor well where he is:

Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,

Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,

Come forth thou fearfull man,

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:

And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what newes?

Exit.

What

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sowe Company:

I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,

Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,

Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:

For exile hath more terror in his looke,

Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,

But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Is death, misteare'd, calling death banished,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,

And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulnesse!

Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,

And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here

Where *Juliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,

And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing

Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,

More Honourable state, more Courtship liues

In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may leaze

On the white wonder of deare *Juliet*'s hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,

Who euen in pure and vestall modestie

Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,

And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.

Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,

No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me? Banished?

O *Friar*, the damned vse that word in hell:

Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart

Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,

A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:

To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then foud Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,

Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:

Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Juliet*,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,

It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no cares.

Rom. How should they,

When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that I do not feele,

Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Loue:

An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,

Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,

Vnlesse the breath of Harticke groanes

Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke:

(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,

Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will

What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard?

Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,

And you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy *Frier*, O tell me holy *Frier*,

Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,

With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,

Iust in her case, O wofull sympathy:

Pititious predicament, euen so lies she,

Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,

For *Juliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Rom. Speake'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?

Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,

Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,

With blood remoued, but little from her owne?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,

And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,

And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,

And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,

Did murder her, as that names curst hand

Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me *Frier*, tell me,

In what vile part of this Anatomie

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke

The hatefull Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:

Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote